THE LADDER

SEPTEMBER 50¢

purpose of the Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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Venereal Disease - Public Health

Mr. Howard Leach, Director of the V. D. Council and Health Education for Los Angeles County, in a speech before the Los Angeles Chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis recently noted that there was a larger and larger amount of V. D. being caused by male homosexual contacts.

He stated that this seemed to be due, in part at least, to a notion that homosexuals could not spread V. D. through their particular forms of love-making. Another cause, of course, is the fear of homosexuals of being turned over to the law if they reported a case of V. D. It was these two last concepts that Mr. Leach wished particularly to dispel.

Mr. Leach was chiefly concerned about informing the public as fully as possible regarding the cause and cure of venereal disease. He stated that better than 95% of syphilis cases could be cured if caught by doctors in the early stages. He said that penicillin treatments were the preferred method, providing the patient was not allergic or immune to penicillin.

More and more venereal disease is found among younger and younger people, Mr. Leach pointed out. V. D. used to be found in its early stages more in the 25 - 29 year group, whereas now over 50% of the cases reported are in the "under 25 years" group.

Mr. Leach said that San Francisco has had a 500% increase and Los Angeles a 300% increase in V. D. cases reported in 1960. That year 580 new cases were reported in Los Angeles. Of these 580 new cases, 80% were caused by male, white, homosexual contacts. Very few Lesbian cases were reported, so few as to be negligible, Mr. Leach said.

SYMPTOMS OF VENEREAL DISEASE

In the case of gonorrhea, a man knows within three to ten days whether he has it or not, for it makes him very

uncomfortable and he has great difficulty in urinating. Gonorrhea therefore is not so serious in a man because he has forewarning enough to seek medical aid. Unfortunately, the majority of women can't tell when they've contracted gonorrhea until it's too late to do anything but have a major operation.

In the case of syphilis, with both men and women, a sore or pimple will usually appear within 21 days at the point of contact. This pimple won't hurt; you can squeeze it, etc., and feel no pain, and within 7 to 14 days the pimple will disappear of its own accord. Then begin the secondary signs. Any of the following are possible secondary signs: patches of falling hair; swollen lymph glands; piercing migraine-type headaches; hard-to-shake sore throat; skin rash, like hives; or mouth sores. In time, these secondary signs also disappear.

One of the most important things to remember is that within the first four or five years the person who has contracted syphilis is a great danger to other people whom he has sexual relations with. The disease will give him no great trouble during that period; but from seven years up the disease goes into tertiary stages that are next to impossible to cure and which in time are quite degrading and fatal to the individual involved. We all know of the classic cases of blindness, insanity, and wasting of the body in any number of hideous ways. The disease does not appear to be communicable after the five-year period.

V. D. CASES 'CONFIDENTIAL'

Mr. Leach wished to stress the confidentiality of reporting yourself or suspected cases to the Health Office. All cases are privileged M. D. information and are not available to the police, probation officers, etc. Diagnosis and treatment are free. If a person thinks he might have been exposed to the disease, he should contact his own doctor or the Health Office in the district where he resides. For instance, in Los Angeles, it would be listed in the telephone book under Los Angeles County Health Dept. or Los Angeles City Health Dept.

If you do indeed have a venereal disease, you will be treated free, without moral stigma, and you will be asked

to divulge the name and address of the person you believe may have given the disease to you. You will not be intimidated or coerced; but it is greatly to be desired that you do reveal this information to the Health Department authorities. They will contact the person with a discreet communication indicating that he or she appears to have been exposed to an extremely communicable disease and please to contact the local Health Department for examination. If the person doesn't reply, he will be sent more letters of similar nature, none threatening. While the Health Officer has great power and could put you in jail for not answering, he will not, for all the health authorities know that the success of their venereal disease program depends absolutely upon good faith and cooperation. They know that threats, intimidation, or lack of confidentiality anywhere along the route of their program would defeat it utterly.

STATISTICS CAN BE MISLEADING

Under questioning from this reporter, Mr. Leach revealed that the Health Dept. was anything but happy with the manner in which their public statistics had been treated by the Los Angeles newspapers. Mr. Leach indicated that the statistics showed a 300% increase in V. D. in Los Angeles, 80% due to male homosexuals, which was because of the increased respect and faith homosexuals had acquired for the Health Department and therefore they were reporting a condition that had long existed. The newspapers naturally did not print these background features, being intent only on selling newspapers, apparently.

Asked why the newspapers were given these statistics, then, Mr. Leach said that while individuals could be protected, statistics could not and were part of the public domain, since they had been obtained by a public office. Statistics can lie, as everyone knows but usually forgets, unless the reasons of how and why they were obtained are also printed at the same time.

DIFFICULTIES OF DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

One member asked Mr. Leach why signs regarding V. D. were not placed in all restrooms of bars. Mr. Leach replied

that this failure was due to the very slim budget the Health Department had to work with.

Mr. Leach also told us some of the problems of working with children and in the public schools, trying to get the facts of V. D. and its cure across to them. He emphasized how it was practically impossible to catch syphilis from a public drinking fountain or toilet seat because of the delicate nature of the spirochete, which requires dark, moist conditions and at least an hour of contact with healthy mucous membranes under these conditions. It is possible to catch syphilis through kissing only if the communicant has syphilitic mouth sores and the recipient of the kiss has a cut on the lip or a sore in the mouth. Dentists have been known to catch syphilis when they have a cut finger and are working on a person with syphilitic sores in the mouth.

Gonorrhea can be contracted only through sexual intercourse. This is why the authorities laugh if you try to tell them that you caught it any other way.

- Sten Russell

What's In a Name?

A great many headaches - and heartaches. Or so it is with Mattachine. It all began in 1950 with the secret Mattachine Foundation, which in 1953 became the Mattachine Society with a voting membership. And now, in 1961, it is the subject of much controversy and bitterness - the name, that is. The San Francisco group lays claim to the exclusive right to the name and reports it is willing to file suit against any group who uses it. However, the former area councils, which were formed and have been known in their areas as Mattachine, also feel the name is theirs. They have chosen to be known as the Mattachine Society of New York, Boston Mattachine, and Philadelphia Mattachine Society. Plans are for the latter groups to form a national federation at their convention in New York over the Labor Day week end. It will be interesting to note what form Mattachine takes in the federation.

Two Women Married

From New York a German newspaper, "Aufbau," carried in its July 28, 1961, issue this short, pertinent article.

* * * * *

The legislators had made an oversight - and two women were married! Nowhere is it written that two women may not marry each other.

Ginette and Bernadette have exchanged marriage vows in front of the mayor of St. Cloud and again before the priest of that same city in France. It was a marvelous wedding. Ginette was the husband of this couple, a tiny and dainty fellow with a glued-on mustache and huge, dark glasses. She had adopted a male identity in order to marry Bernadette.

Both women were sentenced together in a trial in Paris because they had committed eleven offenses in order to obtain the documents necessary for the marriage. Even if the law did not forbid two human beings of female sex to marry, they nevertheless forbid the embezzlement of birth certificates, the forging of documents, and general cheating of the authorities.

It all started with the embezzlement of a letter in which one Philipp Markert received a birth certificate from his hometown in Alsace. Ginette Ferroni simply adopted the name of Philipp Markert. A certificate of baptism was obtained from the local priest under the guise that Philipp as a child had been baptized in Indochina and that documents were impossible to secure from that faraway place. Ginette, alias Philipp, had produced the marital capability certificate, without having visited a physician. Bernadette had simply applied for the forms and had put the name of Philipp Markert on them.

Nobody discovered the truth. Bernadette's parents found their son-in-law a little strange, but he could prove he earned a good salary and Bernadette had insisted on this husband...

At the trial the judge declared that Bernadette was legally married to Mr. Philipp Markert, for the marriage had not been annulled. If, for example, she should win at sweepstakes, Mr. Markert could claim his share. The judge smilingly declared that he was entitled to all other rights due as a husband. All this didn't prevent his passing the sentence of one year in prison for both, although they implored that they had damaged no one. But the judge did not stipulate that the prison terms had to be served in different jails. Even the judge did not want to be that cruel.

The List Grows

SAN FRANCISCO HAS ADDED ANOTHER NAME TO THE EVER-GROWING LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS WORKING FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL'S CIVIL RIGHTS. THE LEAGUE FOR CIVIL EDUCATION IS HEADQUARTERED AT 1154 KEARNEY ST., SAN FRANCISCO 11, CALIFORNIA - TELEPHONE SUTTER 1-2490.

ITS SPECIFIC PURPOSES INCLUDE: SAFEGUARDING AND PROTECTING CIVIL RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES AS GUARANTEED UNDER THE U. S. CONSTITUTION AND THAT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA; PROMOTING AN EDUCATION PROGRAM IN THE AREA OF CIVIL RIGHTS; PROVIDING FINANCIAL AID TO PERSONS IN JEOPARDY UNDER THESE CIVIL RIGHTS; AND PROVIDING PERSONAL SERVICES RELATED TO CIVIL RIGHTS, SUCH AS HOUSING AND EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION, PERSONAL COUNSELLING, ETC.

THE NEW GROUP HAS HAD A MEMBERSHIP DRIVE - PARTICULARLY IN "GAY" BARS - WHICH RESULTED IN SOME 250 MEMBERS, WITH ADDITIONAL ONES BEING ADDED EVERY DAY. THE LEAGUE HAS SPONSORED TWO OPEN DISCUSSIONS; THE FIRST HAVING TO DO WITH GENERAL CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE SECOND, "THE NEW VAG LAW."

THE LEAGUE FOR CIVIL EDUCATION HAS ENTERED INTO ABOUT 125 LEGAL CASES TO SOME EXTENT AND HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN ALL BUT ONE.

THE LCE ITSELF WILL NOT SPONSOR A CANDIDATE FOR THE COMING SUPERVISOR ELECTION, BUT A GROUP OF ITS MEMBERS INTEND TO. THE CANDIDATE WILL BE USED STRICTLY TO TEST THE VOTING POWER OF THE HOMOSEXUAL MINORITY IN SAN FRANCISCO, WHICH COULD POINT TO FUTURE POLITICAL STRATEGY.

T.V.-'The Rejected'

TV viewers in the San Francisco area will have a rare opportunity to see a further breakthrough in public education and awareness of the homosexual. On Sept. 11 TV station KQED will present at 9:30 P. M. an hour-long documentary entitled "The Rejected." The program will deal with the legal, social, medical, and anthropological aspects of male homosexuality in the U. S. today.

Among the notables participating in this "famous first" TV program are these: Margaret Mead, anthropologist and author; Karl M. Bowman, M. D., author, psychiatrist, and long-time worker in the field of homosexuality; Attorney Morris Lowenthal; Bishop James Pike of Grace Episcopal Cathedral in San Francisco; Rabbi Alvin I. Fine, who is chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union in Northern California; Alvin Bendich, attorney, also of the ACLU; and Irwin Braff, M. D., director of the Bureau of Venereal Disease Control in San Francisco.

Among others are District Attorney Thomas Lynch of San Francisco and Attorney J. Albert Hutchinson, formerly of the Attorney General's office. James Day, manager of station KQED, will read a letter especially written for the program by the Attorney General of California, Honorable Stanley Mosk.

Rounding out the program and giving further points of view will be three members of the Mattachine Society in San Francisco: Harold Call, Donald Lucas, and Les Fisher. At a pre-broadcast audition of the program, the producers, participants, and technical personnel proclaimed it to be the most outstanding and comprehensive coverage of this subject ever to be made available to the public via mass media.

It is suggested that those in other areas of the country watch carefully for announcements of this program, for it is to be distributed throughout the U. S. for showing on educational channels.

S.F. Mattachine Convention

AT ITS EIGHTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC., WILL POSE THE QUESTION, "WHAT CAN WE DO TO PUT REAL MEANING IN THE FINDING OF JOBS AND REHABILITATION OF SEX OFFENDERS AND VETERANS WITH LESS THAN HONORABLE DISCHARGES?"

THIS QUESTION WILL BE THE MAIN TOPIC SURVEYED ON A SPECIAL DAY-LONG PROGRAM TO BE HELD ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, AT THE WHITCOMB HOTEL, 1231 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO. A NUMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS - SOCIAL SERVICES, EMPLOYMENT, AND REHABILITATION - WILL BE REPRESENTED BY SPEAKERS AT THIS CONFERENCE.

THE PROGRAM WILL GET UNDER WAY WITH AN OPEN HOUSE AND RECEPTION IN THE SOCIETY'S OFFICES, 693 MISSION ST., ON FRIDAY. THE FEATURED ADDRESS ON SATURDAY WILL BE BY JAMES GOODRICH, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF EMPLOYMENT AND REHABILITATION, MODESTO.

IN THE MORNING AND AFTERNOON SESSIONS ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 3, THE HIGHLIGHT WILL BE A REPORT BY OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY. COMMENTARY WILL BE PROVIDED BY SPOKESMEN OF ONE, INC., AND THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC. FOLLOWING THIS DISCUSSION WILL BE THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

THE CONFERENCE FEE FOR THE ENTIRE SESSION ON SATURDAY WILL BE $12.00. ADVANCE REGISTRATION IS URGED AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT SO THAT ADEQUATE ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE. FEES SHOULD BE MAILED TO THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, DONALD S. LUCAS, 693 MISSION ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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OFFICERS AND STAFF OF DOB ARE HAVING A LEADERSHIP "RETREAT" OVER LABOR DAY WEEK END AT CAYUCOS, CALIF. (THE HALF-WAY POINT BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES), TO DISCUSS "THE UPHEAVAL IN THE HOMOPHILE MOVEMENT - WHERE DOES DOB FIT IN?" LEADERSHIP, COMMUNICATIONS AND CONVENTIONS WILL BE TOPICS OF DISCUSSION.

mood miscellanea

SECOND FIDDLE

I'D LOVE TO BE THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR,
To GENTLY TOUCH YOU EVERYWHERE.
EACH TINY FIBER OF THE DRESS
To YOUR SWEET FLESH, ITS LIPS TO PRESS.
TO SMELL THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUR HAIR,
ENFOLD YOU, DEAR, WITH GENTLE CARE.
I'D HOPE THAT YOU SOME THRILL MIGHT FEEL,
WHEN 'ROUND MY SHEER SOFT FABRICS STEAL.

BUT WHEN AT NIGHT THERE'D COME ANOTHER,
DISCARDED I, YOUR SILKEN LOVER,
A RUMPLED HEAP BENEATH THE COVER,
IN JEALOUS, FUTILE WRATH WOULD HOVER,
TO SEE YOUR SUPPLE, CLINGING FORM
IN RHYTHMIC PASSION'S EAGER STORM,
AND KNOW THAT IN HIS HARD ADDRESS
YOU FELT THE MORE PROFOUND CARESS.

YET, WHEN YOUR LOVE WAS SPENT AND WORN,
THIS HATED, VIRILE LOVER'D GONE,
AND YOU IN LANGUOROUS BEAUTY ROSE
AND SOUGHT AGAIN YOUR SILKEN CLOTHES,
IN EAGER HASTE ABOUT YOUR ARMS
I'D GENTLY GLIDE AROUND YOUR CHARMS,
AS BEE FROM FLOWERS, THEIR HONEY SIPS,
TO KISS EACH ONE WITH TENDER LIPS.

FRANCES HOWARD

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT IS LOVE?
IS IT NOT THAT WHICH PLEASES,
IF ONLY FOR AN HOUR, A YEAR, AN ETERNITY?
CAN WE LOVE BUT ONE?
SHOULD WE CHOOSE ONE GRAIN OF SAND FROM THE SHORE,
ONE DROP OF WATER FROM THE MIGHTY SEA,
AND DECLARE IT SPECIAL,
AND SCORN ALL ELSE?
IS THIS NOT FOLLY,
WHEN THE WORLD IS SO BIG,
AND THE HEART AS GREAT?

J. P. BESSOR

THE DEPARTED DANGER

ARISTION, SO SWIFT ONCE TO TOSS
HER HAIR CURLING
AND HER CASTANETS THAT ROLLED
IN PRAISE OF CYBELE,
LIGHTLY BENEATH THE PINE-BOUGHS
TO THE HORNED FLUTE'S MUSIC WHIRLING,
SHE WHO WOULD MIX NO WATER
AS SHE QUAFFED HER WINE CUPS THREE,
RESTS HERE BENEATH THE ELM TREE'S SHADE;
NOW NO MORE LOVERS
GLADDEN HER HEART, NO VIGILS OF
MADDENED MIDNIGHT HOURS.
A LONG FAREWELL, ALL REVELS, ALL FOLLIES!
NEW EARTH COVERS THE SACRED HEAD
THAT ONCE WENT BRIGHT WITH
WREATHED FLOWERS.

THYILLES (100 B. C.)

EDITORIAL

Fire Hoses Next?

There seem to be two different approaches to the conditions at a "gay bar" known as the Tay-Bush Cafe in San Francisco - one, the investigation of safety regulation violations by the Fire Department at the behest of Paul A. Bissinger, police commissioner; the other, a raid on the occupants and the arrest on August 13 of 103 persons on charges of "visiting a disorderly house" (a few being booked additionally for "lewd dancing").

Investigation of safety conditions would certainly appear to be in order regardless of the conflicting claims as to the number of persons on the premises at the time of the raid - Owner Robert Johnson says 242, while the police hold that there could not have been more than 110 in the place, which has four tables and 16 seats at a counter.

But does the investigation for the safety of the patrons require a raid on and the wholesale arrest of said patrons? Are we to believe that the public welfare is served by dragging 89 men and 14 women to jail and booking them on the questionable charge of "visiting a disorderly house"? Is it not possible that the alleged fire hazard could be circumvented by other means than exchanging the crowded conditions of a cafe for the crowded conditions of the city jail? The New York City Fire Department puts a limit on the number of patrons a cafe may "safely" serve. And certainly the cafe owners in that city are forewarned as to existing hazardous conditions. This would seem the more sensible approach to the problem - to safeguard the public by preventing hazard - than to wait until a cafe has extended its patronage beyond its "safe" capacity.

Perhaps there was a side issue in the case which seemed more important to the raiders than "public safety." It is reported that Police Sergeant James Ludlow, in plain-

clothes, gave the pre-arranged signal for the raid at the Tay-Bush after observing things from inside for an hour. He said he was influenced by the sight of 25 couples dancing, and only one person was a woman.

So the spark that turned in the "fire alarm" was the sight of men dancing with men - a "fire hazard" indeed. That men were dancing with men is denied by the owner, who says with so many in so small a place it would be an impossibility. That if men were dancing with men and such was more important to the police than the "safety" of those present is a sorry commentary. That men dancing with men constitutes "lewd dancing" any more than men dancing with women is also open to question. That Mayor George Christopher is still smarting from the embarrassment he has suffered by the "gay bar" police bribe cases and the Wolden accusations that "organized homosexuals" have flourished under his regime is very apparent.

His comment after a meeting with Bissinger following the arrests: "We found as always that some arrests are very difficult of prosecution because courts demand total, complete, and unequivocal evidence, but we think we're on the right track."

The "right track," Mr. Mayor, would be to recognize that San Francisco has a very able Fire Department, quite capable of dealing with hazardous conditions which come under its jurisdiction. The "right track" would be to define the duties and draw the line where the jurisdiction of one department ends and the other begins. For too long San Francisco has been subjected to interdepartmental bungling - as in the use of fire hoses by the police department in the so-called "student riots" and in the arrest of 103 persons to circumvent a fire hazard.

The "right track," Mr. Mayor, would be to allow San Francisco's Fire Department to function. They know better than to fight fire with fire. There's water - and sometimes there is negotiation, admission of error and the desire to alleviate undesirable conditions. And sometimes there may even be understanding - and progress!

- Del Martin

End of the Mixed-Up Rainbow

A Story by Diana Sterling

They had just painted the apartment and the smell had a too-dark cast to it that didn't suit the vernal green from which the odor came. Thinking this, Lexie pulled it in with a deep breath. At the same time she was aware that the effort to redecorate was a driving need to Barby's chameleonic character. Lexie turned to the girl next to her in the oversized bed and smiled pensively at the rumpled hair. The messy hair seemed intimate somehow. Trying nonchalance, Lexie stretched, exposing the pink, wet cavern of a yawn.

The stirring woke Barbara, who opened her eye not pressed to the pillow and confronted the green, paint-stained fingers of her hand. She rubbed the tips of her fingers together, hard, as though to eliminate her depressed, low spirits. Then she said: "Lexie, you think if they planted me I'd grow?"

"What?" Lexie was still writhing in a slow stretch, pulling and twisting each member of her body. She drew her shoulder toward her face, and, pulling her arm rigid, rotated her wrist while, legs taut, each foot repeated the wrist simultaneously. "How so?" she said.

"A green thumb," Barbara said, "I've got a green thumb."

"Should've worn the gloves I had out for you," Lexie said, in no mood to joke. "You would'nt've got all splotched."

"Practical," Barbara said, putting the word out in three knotty sections. "All the time practical. What says anyway that green to you is green to me?"

"What is <u>that</u> supposed to mean?"

"I mean, what'f what I call green and what looks green to me is really purple? Purple to you, I mean."

"Yes. What if." Lexie rubbed her eyes, using the heels of her hands. "And maybe the paint that smells like... well...like colored oil to me really smells like...like chocolate pudding to you - that is, the smell I get when I smell chocolate pudding."

"And why not?" Barbara propped herself onto an elbow, stuffing the pillow through the arch under her arm. "Why not?" she repeated, irritated at Lexie's smugness. "It's like your referring to gay clubs as depressing." Going on with an urgency to provoke: "Maybe what's gay for me is depressing for you."

"Here we go again," Lexie said, eyeing the bedstead as though addressing a third party.

When Barbara wanted to provoke laughter, or, for that matter, provoke anything, she'd tell Lexie she wanted to go to a gay club. Lexie might answer, "So go," to which Barbara would cry that she needed an escort. And Lexie would promptly ask Barbara please not to look at her because she wouldn't be seen dead in a gay bar.

"Scared?" Barbara's tone didn't skirt on sarcasm - it climbed the highest peak of it.

"What of?" Lexie said. "So I don't like bars. You ever watch people in bars? It's hysterical. It's like a receiving station full of exposed wires."

"That's it!" Barbara said, bolting up in bed. "You have been shocked!"

"Please," Lexie said, "I want a few more minutes of sleep. It's Sunday and I'm entitled."

The clock clicked, stapling the silence around them and Barbara felt hemmed in by it.

"Lexie, something's wrong with us, isn't there?"

"Yes. We're queer."

"Stop joking! I mean there's something wrong between us. It's not the same anymore."

"No.

"No what."

"It isn't the same anymore."

"Is it someone else?"

"Will you believe me if I tell you?" At Barbara's affirmative nod Lexie said: "It isn't anyone else." A pause invited the trill of a sparrow. In this pause Lexie leaned over with a grunt and inserted the plug of the coffee percolator into the wall plug. "It's simply that I've had lots on my mind." She wriggled her way back under covers. "What with that damned deadline I've got to meet. And then there's the research. You know how I hate research. And the work on my teeth. If there's anything I hate worse than doing research, it's having work done on my teeth."

Barbara watched a fly scale the wall. "That's not really what you mean, is it?" she said to the fly.

"I thought you said you'd believe me," Lexie said.

"I did. And I do. I mean, I believe you about not having found someone else. But there's more between us than a deadline or...or a dentist."

"Look," Lexie said, "it's like you say, what's black to me may be white to you. Or like vice versa." Lexie reached over and seized a cigarette off the nightstand.

"You like the razzamatazz," she said. "Life's become a big costume ball to you. There are times when I don't even know you. I don't know when the hell you're wearing the mask or when you're not."

Barbara listened to that for a long time in her thinking. "Lexie?" The name ended in the high swing of a question.

"Yes?"

Trying levity: "If I ever wear a mask like you say, how is it I got this green splotch on my forehead yesterday?"

Despite herself, Lexie had to laugh. "How do you know you've got a green splotch on your face?"

"Because last night I saw it and I didn't wipe it off."

"I mean, how do you know it's green? Maybe it's purple, as you say."

"No. No, Lexie. If it's green to me it's green to you, too. I know. Even warmth. Yes. If it's warm for me, for instance, it's warm for you."

Lexie turned to her. How naive and uncomplicated Barby seemed. The look of her disordered hair touched Lexie. "Barby," she said gently, the name ensconced in a small whispered chuckle. "Baby."

"Lexie, I'm not kidding now. It's that I get bored and disgruntled. Dammit, sometimes I feel as cramped as the colors must feel on the spectrum. And then I feel like we're milleniums apart."

"I take back what I said before," Lexie said. "What's black to you is white to me. And bright."

"See? See what I mean about being milleniums?"

"Look at the sky out there," Lexie said testily. "It's blue."

"Me, too," Barbara said. "But I love you: green with envy or purple with rage or blue. I love you very much. You're my whole world, Lexie."

Lexie turned on her side, facing Barbara squarely. "You crazy damn little fool," she said. Her arm went around the girl's nude waist. "That's all I needed to hear."

Tenderly she kissed Barbara's lips; then spoke into them. "I love you, too," she said. "I love you."

A lattice of soft, susurrant tones climbed that morning into the room. Both had forgotten the percolator - coffee throbbing hot into the crystal tip of dome. The perking

coffee sounded like soft rain - incongruous to the summer-blue of sky, draping the window.

"Why don't we go out?" Barbara said at last. It hadn't been a familiar suggestion; yet it was the second time that morning that she had made it.

"Where to?" Lexie said, anticipating another reference to gay clubs, and feeling a glee in the anticipation, as a lion perhaps who lurks at the opening of a cave in which he knows his prey shall appear and be seized.

"How about church?"

Nonplussed at this answer, Lexie began to laugh. "Now there's a bright thought in there somewhere. Yeeow wow! a gay church! The minister will wear a pink robe and a jolly red bow tie; it'll be permissible for the female congregation to come in leotards; the all-male choir will be permitted their gay little boutonniere and the old aunties..."

"All I said was church. The weather just seems right for it." Barby felt happy despite Lexie's sarcasm.

Slipping out of bed, she slumped quietly to the floor and landed on her rear. She felt under the bed for her slippers. Then, bolting up to raise the window higher, Barby pulled in the tanned-scented air with a moist sound.

"I love that shade of green," Lexie said, examining the wall.

"Yeh?" Barbara was looking down abstractedly at the swimming pool and staring at the man whose shirt billowed white over his back in the warm wind.

"But do you?" Barbara said, not aware that she hadn't exposed her thought.

"Do I what?"

"Do you think if they planted me I'd grow?"

"Who?"

"Me."

"No. I mean, who they?"

"Must you be so technical?" Then she said: "Tell me, Lexie darling, does the sun warm us? or do we warm it?"

"Oh, no!" Lexie slapped her palm to forehead with an exaggerated snap. "Are you going through <u>that</u> again?"

"Why not?" Barbara turned a coy-cunning glance to Lexie. "It worked so beautifully the first time. Didn't it?" - whereupon Lexie hurled a pillow at Barbara, who ducked just in time.

Thoughts on Isolation

When you are young and haven't many friends, you begin to wonder and think about life a little When you skirt down the hallway between classes you feel awkward, badly-dressed and inferior. Later you feel resentment when alone and not so self-conscious, because you realize you are not inferior, not mentally anyway. You stop shaking and attempt to analyze the matter sensibly.

You have a few friends and they are very close. You think...Claire paints and someday she'll be really great. Her intelligence and wonderful sense of humor have made her a leader among her friends and an officer of the class. Yet people who don't like her, detest her! Probably jealous, you surmise.

Then Barbara. She is the glamorous type but it doesn't interfere with her academic life...a rare trait in a teenager. She is liked by many people and is respected by you.

The most complex of your friends is Ricky. She isn't liked as a rule simply because people fail to understand

her...and leave it at that. She loves to watch a football game in blue jeans and a fur coat. She has few friends but they are the kind of companions people should envy. You feel more tender and much closer to Ricky than to anyone else. There is something about her...you can't put your finger on it.

Concluding this channel of thought you are surprised. All your friends are either liked intensely or detested. There is no indifference felt. They excel in what they do. Still you are puzzled. All that you've gotten from your thinking is that you have a few bright friends...a handful of earnest girls.

Why is it then that drab, plain-looking girls with average marks and commonplace personalities have a friend in every face? Are they of the same religion? Did they grow up together? Or is it because they like the same disc jockeys and the same type of boy? Analyze this then. You're 18 years old. You aren't fat and you aren't thin. You have blonde hair and blue eyes. You get average marks but when you really try you get excellent results. Your main interests are athletics and creative writing, both of which come naturally to you. You like the same disc jockeys and the same type of boy...athletes...that's interesting...athletics, too...you wonder.

A certain clique rumors you are "queer." You study and knock yourself out to be a little better. You don't know why, you just do. Maybe it's because you aren't shocked at the idea...maybe because you realize it's true. You didn't realize it before...that's all. One of the girls in the clique is on the hockey team so in the next game you drive yourself hard to be the very best. You succeed...then you hear it. "She must be queer to be so athletic." ...Maybe...you really don't know.

But at 18 when you haven't many friends and people say you are "queer," you think and ponder life a little...because that's how you are. That's how people are at that curious and inquiring age. You think, and as the days go by, you review dense ideas and strange desires looking for the rung to grasp.

Then one day you find it. You meet a woman and you smile

twice...once for the woman and once again for the benefit of a clique at school. They deserve it because they are right. Will they ever know how right they were? Would they really believe it if you told them?

- Wicker, Inc.

LESBIANA

by Gene Damon

175. DEATH OF ANGER by Allan Seager. Obolensky, 1960.

A sad novel about a man who marries a beautiful woman, only to discover too late that she is a Lesbian. Hedwig goes blindly into marriage not realizing her own feelings and her wedding night so unnerves her that she takes to her bed permanently. Most of the plot revolves about the husband's effort to keep a young girl as his mistress. About 1/5 of the book describes Hedwig's past, present, and future. Neither sympathetic nor condemnatory.

176. THALIA by Frances Faviell. Farrar, Strauss, 1957.

The classic design of unrequited love and its attendant tragedy. Thalia, hopelessly in love with Rachel, finally throws herself into the sea. The reader is left with the hope that at least Rachel may emergy from the experience with a more human personality.

177. THE MAN IN CONTROL by Hugh P. McGraw. London, Alfred Barker, Ltd., 1953.

Mr. Cronshaw, the "man in control" of a large industrial plant in England, becomes entangled with a Lesbian and her lover. He insists the only Lesbians in the world are neurotic, wealthy women in Paris; however, he soon finds that "jolly old England" has its share, too. Humorous, romantic,

and satirical. Available through second-hand dealers in New York and London.

178. THE TREE AND THE VINE by Dola De Jong. London, John Calder, 1961.

A three-year love affair between two women living in Holland during 1938-1941 ends with the death of one in a concentration camp. Not a joyous book, but one relating to that era. A very major work, excellently done. Line drawings throughout the book add to enjoyment.

179. THE UNFORTUNATE FLESH by Randy Salem. Midwood Tower, 1960, 1961.

Jesse Cannon is inheritor of land and wealth in the South. Mannish, yet gentle, her type is rare in Lesbian fiction. She takes over the task of resolving her family's greed and problems. At the same time she shoulders the burdens of the pregnant mistress of her lately-deceased father. In a convincing and realistic manner Jesse is allowed to solve her many problems and court and win the love of the mistress. A really good living portrait of a Lewbian.

180. GIVE ME THYSELF by Susan Sherman. World, 1961.

A first novel written in the first person, telling of a 19-year old girl and her ardent, undisciplined love for her much older teacher. The latter is a brilliant drunken mess, the end product of a magnificent career gone by the way. The book is a painful, even agonizing, account of a necessary but terrible love affair. The author is very young and her book is very youthful, but it is good and is certainly one of the big major treatments of Lesbian devotion.

181. HATE SONG by Boris Todrin. Single poem in SEVEN MEN. Putnam, 1938.

Lesbian poem written by a man lamenting the loss of his wife to another woman.

FLASH !

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE SAN FRANCISCO MATTACHINE SOCIETY HAS ANNOUNCED ITS FULL SUPPORT BEHIND THE 98 PERSONS FACING CHARGES IN CONNECTION WITH THE TAY-BUSH RAID (SEE EDITORIAL, PAGE 14).

IT WAS THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY WHO ARRANGED FOR AN ATTORNEY TO REPRESENT MOST OF THE GROUP AND HAS AGREED TO ACT AS "CUSTODIAN" FOR A DEFENSE FUND TO HELP FIGHT THE CASE. THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY HAS ALSO AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF THE COST OF PRINTING BRIEFS IN THE EVENT THE DEFENDANTS ARE CONVICTED AND MUST APPEAL TO A HIGHER COURT.

"WE ARE PREPARED TO FIGHT THIS THROUGH THE COURTS," HAROLD L. CALL, PUBLICATIONS DIRECTOR, DECLARED. "IT MUST BE DETERMINED THROUGH LEGAL PROCESS WHETHER THESE ACTIONS (BY POLICE) ARE NOT A VIOLATION OF BASIC CIVIL RIGHTS."

IN ADDITION, OTHER ESTABLISHED "GAY" PLACES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY HAVE OFFERED AID IN A FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT OF SEXUAL DEVIATES TO MEET IN PUBLIC WITHOUT "PERSECUTION" BY POLICE.

OF THE ORIGINAL 103 CASES, 98 STILL FACE CHARGES. FIVE CASES WERE DISMISSED - THEY WERE ACKNOWLEDGED AS "TOURISTS" FROM NEW YORK WHO HAPPENED INTO THE PLACE BY ACCIDENT.

WE COMMEND THE ACTION OF THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY IN TAKING THIS STAND. THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF "HARRASSMENT" OF GAY BARS ALL TOO LONG. EFFORTS BY THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY AND THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS TO MEET WITH PUBLIC AUTHORITIES TO FIND AN EQUITABLE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM HAVE BEEN TO NO AVAIL. IT IS TIME TO TAKE A STAND.

THOSE WHO WISH TO LEND THEIR SUPPORT TO THE DEFENSE OF THESE CASES MAY SEND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC.
693 MISSION ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIFORNIA

READERS RESPOND

"C.D. OF CALIFORNIA (THE LADDER, JULY 1961) PRESENTS A COZY BIT OF ADVICE, BUT PRAY TELL ME HOW IN H--- CAN I STEP CASUALLY INTO THE DOB OFFICE FROM THE STATE OF MISSOURI? AS FOR HELPING THE LADDER, MAY I SUGGEST THE FOLLOWING SCHEDULE FOR YOUR OUT-OF-TOWN READERS?

1. READ EVERY COPY ON ARRIVAL AND COMMENT VOCIFEROUSLY BY MAIL.

2. SEND SOME MONEY ONCE A MONTH.

3. WRITE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING - STORIES, ESSAYS, BOOK REVIEWS, ARTICLES, ARGUMENTS, FLATTERY - AND SUBMIT AT ONCE (TYPED OF COURSE.)

4. FIGHT WITH PEOPLE FREQUENTLY ON THE SUBJECT OF "WHY IN H--- CAN'T YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE LADDER IF YOU CAN AFFORD ALL THOSE PARTIES?'

5. READ AND PURCHASE - NOT BORROW ALL THE GAY BOOKS - PUBLISHERS APPRECIATE IT AND RESPOND. (WORDS PROVIDE THE LEAST EXPENSIVE ENTERTAINMENT.)

6. DON'T HATE THE EDITORS FOR FAILING TO WRITE BACK - THEY SIMPLY DON'T HAVE TIME. I KNOW, FOR I FOLLOW THE SCHEDULE ABOVE AND THEY DON'T WRITE TO ME. BUT THEY DO PRINT MY OPINIONS - LET'S HEAR A FEW OF YOURS!"

GENE DAMON, MISSOURI

(WE COULD ALSO USE CLIPPINGS FROM OUR READERS WHEREVER THEY MAY BE IN ORDER TO KEEP UP WITH TRENDS OF PUBLIC OPINION REGARDING THE HOMOSEXUAL. WE WOULD LIKE TO BE APPRAISED OF COURT CASES, GAY BAR RAIDS, SPEECHES, RESEARCH STUDIES, AND ANYTHING ELSE OF INTEREST TO A HOMOPHILE PUBLICATION. AND WHILE WE ARE ABOUT IT, COULD WE ASK OUR OUT-OF-TOWNERS TO SEND US LISTS OF PROFESSIONAL PERSONS WHOM WE MIGHT SAMPLE - ATTORNEYS, PSYCHIATRISTS, PSYCHOLOGISTS, PSYCHIATRIC CLINICS, LIBRARIES, UNIVERSITY OF COLLEGE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENTS, ETC.)

Daughters of BILITIS

INCORPORATED

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New York Chapter: 1133 Broadway, Room 304, New York 10, New York

Los Angeles Chapter: 527 Hazel Street, Glendale, California

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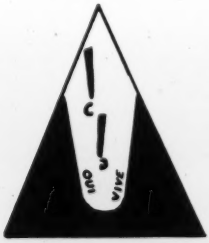
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